

TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

BULLETIN

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JESSE JAMES: FOLK-HERO

by

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Jesse James was killed by Robert Ford, an agent of the Governor of Missouri, on April 3, 1882. At that time one newspaper commented, "...the great body of the people will stand by the Governor [Crittenden] in this matter, and if he does no other good act during his administration this one will cause him to be remembered with gratitude."¹ How far out of touch with the real sentiment of the people was the author of this opinion! For the "great body of the people," far from giving their approbation to the deed, enshrined the dead outlaw as one of the most widely known heroes of folk-song. And in their version of the event Jesse's assassin will be remembered as a "dirty little coward." Nor was Jesse's eulogy and Ford's condemnation long in the making. "Soon after the killing of James a ten-foot poem, set to music, came out and was sung on the streets of Springfield [Missouri] quite frequently....It caused tears to be shed; it was the Mark Antony eulogy at the bier of Caesar."² This song, as we know, has become a part of American balladry.

But little has been done in scholarly commentary to explain why Jesse, who was "...in the fifteen years following the Civil War the most notorious train-and bank-robber in the country," should be elevated to the position of an American Robin Hood. Even his most admiring biographers, Love and Croy, cannot deny that Jesse was a murderer and a thief. Yet he has been metamorphosed by the ballad into a gallant and chivalrous defender of the poor and oppressed. Authorities in the field of balladry, too, have failed to explain fully the romanticizing of Jesse's exploits. Such commentaries as are available either avoid explanation altogether or treat the matter as a kind of mysterious predilection for outlaw heroes on the part of the people. For instance, in his comment on the Jesse James ballad, Laws writes:

Whatever may be the cause of this interest in the outlaw, he remains popular in folk tradition. If he is not actually admired for his prowess, he is at least found sufficiently colorful to sing about. Occasionally, he achieves the status of a folk hero. Such a man was Jesse James about whom two

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1. H. H. Crittenden, The Crittenden Memoirs (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1936), p. 194.
 2. Vance Randolph, Ozark Folksongs, II (Columbia: The State Historical Society of Missouri, 1948), p. 17.
 3. Henry M. Belden, Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, The University of Missouri Studies, XV (Columbia, 1940), p. 401.

ballads are still popular. Both of these are stories of the treacherous shooting of the outlaw by Robert Ford, a member of his own gang. The sympathies of the narrators are clearly with the victim.⁴

Such opinions are unsatisfactory in that they leave one facing unanswered questions. Why are the sympathies of the narrator with the victim? Why should Robert Ford, who rid the world of one of its most notorious desperadoes, be named villain by the society he apparently aided? One is led, moreover, to suspect that the answers to these questions should reveal a good reason in historical fact for Jesse's high position in American balladry. Just as there was a real Robin Hood of Sherwood, there must have existed a real Robin Hood of Missouri. In spite of his murders and thievery, Jesse must have represented to the people a symbol of something noble and of first importance in their lives. This brief discussion attempts to explain what this thing was and why his imaging of it made Jesse James the folk-hero that he is.

It must be remembered, first of all, that Jesse's boyhood was spent in that section of Missouri where, in addition to the rough frontier way of life, the internecine bitterness of the Kansans of Northern sympathies and of the Missourians of Southern sympathies was most intense. The Missouri-Kansas border of Civil War days was the scene of constant conflict. Kansas Free-Soldiers and jay-hawkers were continually making forays across the state line. They shot "...men who sympathized with the Southern cause, driving off horses, burning houses over the heads of women and children, and outraging civilization. Southern men made reprisal in kind and with good measure. Here young Jesse James learned his lessons. It was irregular and disagreeable but it was war."⁵

Even Jesse's bitterest critics would have to admit that his experiences afforded sufficient explanation for his intense and continuing hatred of the Northern cause. From his earliest years, he was undoubtedly steeped in Southern sentiment, for his stepfather, Dr. Samuels, was a pronounced secessionist and Mrs. Samuels, the boy's mother, openly and publicly proclaimed her sympathy for the South. In 1861, moreover, Frank James joined Quantrill's guerrillas, young Jesse being rejected because of his age. However, he found means of serving the cause as a spy for the guerrillas in Clay County. Thus, the family early became marked for vengeance by the Union militia stationed at Kearney and other towns in that locality.⁶ Events soon proved the Federals' intent.

One day in 1863, while Jesse was still at home plowing, Northern regulars came to the Samuels farm, demanding the whereabouts of Quantrill. Believing that the doctor knew more than he would tell, and that the family was at any rate notorious in its Secessionist sympathies, the soldiers drove the doctor at the point of a bayonet to a

4. G. M. Laws, Jr., Native American Balladry (Philadelphia: The American Folklore Society, 1950), p. 21.

5. Anonymous, "The Battle over a Jesse James Monument," The Literary Digest, XCV (Oct. 29, 1927), 44.

6. Crittenden, op. cit., p. 163.

tree. There they bound him, strung him up by a rope, and left him for dead. But Mrs. Samuels cut him down and revived him.

Meanwhile, the soldiers had found Jesse and had given him a sound lashing with a rope-end as he ran between his furrows. When he got home his back was gashed with bleeding welts.⁷

But instead of intimidating the family, this Union persecution served to spur them to even more outspoken and daring expression and action. In retaliation, the Union soldiers returned one day, when Jesse and Dr. Samuels were away, and carried off Mrs. Samuels and her daughter, Susie. The two women were sent to St. Joseph, Missouri, and there placed in jail for several months. This action infuriated Jesse and he went to Quantrill's band and begged to be admitted. At the urgings of Frank James, Quantrill relented and accepted Jesse as a member of his forces. Friends and enemies alike attest to Jesse's bravery and daring during the war. One such testimony came from no less a person than General Joe Shelby, himself. When asked if he were a friend of the James boys, the General replied,

I can answer that question by relating an incident....A cavalry company under command of Dave Pool among the most prominent members of which were Jesse and Frank James, were ordered to report to me at Prairie Grove, in 1863, when Generals Herron and Blunt were in command of the Federal forces and Gen. Hindman, the Confederate Commander. My forces being in the advance, I was ordered to attack Herron at daylight. I charged his lines at the foot of the ridge, drove his outposts back on the infantry lines, and carried 700 prisoners to the rear. The federal line rallied, counter charged, and I was captured by a troop of cavalry. Captain Pool, under Quantrill, was on the left of our line, and seeing the situation, with the Jameses and the rest of his company, dashed to my relief, driving the enemy back and rescuing me. For this and the past associations of the war, I do not feel it incumbent upon me to betray a set or class of men who offered to sacrifice their lives in defense of mine.... These men being with me during the war, I might say belonged to my command. It is not my purpose, when everybody is turned against them, to betray or give evidence against them. I regard it as proper to return these men to their homes from which they have been excluded if it can properly be done.⁸

The reliability of this testimony can hardly be questioned. More important to the present discussion, however, is the fact that it reflects an opinion of Jesse that must have been common to the people of Confederate sympathies who knew him.

7. Anonymous, op. cit., p. 50.

8. Crittenden, op. cit., p. 164.

9. Ibid., p. 240.

It is obvious, then, that Jesse fought well and bravely in the war. When it was over, the New York Times observed in 1927, "...he with a few of his troop, bore a flag to a Northern camp to surrender. As they were marching out, some soldiers attacked them, and Jesse was shot in the lung. The Northern commander sent him to his mother."¹⁰ It is no wonder, then, that "Young Jesse James, full of patriotism and fight, simply refused to haul down his flag. There were bitter local grievances which the defeat of the South did not cure, and he applied himself industriously to them."¹¹ For although the war was officially over, the aftermath of the struggle in Missouri was really a prolongation of the conflict. In his excellent study of the career of Jesse James, Homer Croy points out that

One of the disturbing factors of the period was the "loyalty oath" which the government made the residents of the section take. No one was permitted to practise law, teach, or preach unless he had first taken what was called the "Iron-Clad Oath." Ministers, or preachers, who had even given a meal or a night's lodging to a Confederate could be thrown in jail. In liberty there was so much resentment against the North that the Confederate flag continued to fly over the courthouse; indeed, it was not pulled down until almost 1870.

The feeling of hatred was never stronger....This was the sort of thing that colored Missouri life in that day, especially in the county where the James family lived. On top of it, times were hard. Banks were unregulated; they ground the people down, and the people hated them, and blamed them for the times. The men who had ridden with Quantrill and his lieutenants didn't mind the idea of something happening to the smug bankers. These men needed money, and they began to think about how to get it.¹²

Time did not improve matters. Reconstruction proceeded in the same fashion in Missouri as in other states. Oppression was piled on oppression until, in time,

...a new phase in local feelings had come along; the dislike of both banks and railroads. The banks squeezed the farmer till he bled. When a train killed a farmer's cow, he had to wait years to be paid. Sometimes sparks from the engine set farmers' haystacks on fire. The farmer would write a handful of letters, and not even get a reply. The feelings the railroads aroused were soon to be reflected in the career of Jesse James.¹³

10. Quoted by the anonymous writer in The Literary Digest, op. cit., p. 50.

11. Ibid., p. 44.

12. Homer Croy, Jesse James Was My Neighbor (New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1949), pp. 36-37.

13. Ibid., pp. 54-55.

These lingering grievances were far from a dead issue at the time of Jesse's death. The intensity of Yankee and Southern feelings had not abated to any appreciable degree, and newspaper stories of Jesse's murder clearly reveal the fact. One such story, praising Crittenden's action, notes that

It has been attempted to cultivate sympathy for the James boys among the Confederate elements, on the ground that the Union soldiers wronged them during the war, and that their course since that period has been one of retaliation and revenge. There is nothing whatever in this pretense. They have been nothing but common thieves and murderers, and their victims have never been selected with reference to their political views....The victims of the operations in Texas and Kentucky were not likely Republican or Union men. It nowhere appears that a Confederate was ever spared when they wanted money or property.¹⁴

Two things should be noted with regard to this statement. First, it reveals that supporters of Crittenden felt called upon to justify his action to what must have been a considerable group of citizens whose Southern sympathies were still alive and flourishing. Secondly, Jesse must have been very popular with such people or the need to justify Crittenden would never have arisen. There is abundant evidence, as a matter of fact, of the friendly regard in which many people held Jesse. One of his severest critics admits as much when he says of the James boys, "Of course, their safety lay in the sympathy of a large number of neighbors of something the same kidney; and fear of retaliation supplied the only remaining motive needed to enforce secrecy."¹⁵ But logic seems to indicate that the protection did not depend on people of "the same kidney," nor on the threat of retaliation. The truth of the matter is that "The James gang could never have existed as it did were it not for the shelter and help given to it by the residents in the region between Kearney, Independence, St. Joseph and Kansas City. The James boys were heroes to them and that was one element in the favor shown them."¹⁶

And they were heroes to these people because they symbolized the still living spirit of the Confederacy. Jesse, especially, represented to his friends the Southerner who refused to consider himself beaten and demobilized. In his career of outlawry people saw continued resistance of the Confederacy and the spirit of individualism against the encroaching Yankee industrialism and its oppressions. That Jesse's activities were popularly thought of in this way is proven by the number of legends that grew up around his robberies. As late as 1941, O. L. Rayburn could still hear one such incident told by an Ozark mountainer.

The robbery of a stagecoach between Malvern and Hot Springs National Park in January, in 1874, is usually attributed to the James boys. This robbery was conducted in the usual

14. Crittenden, op. cit., p. 193.

15. Emerson Hough, The Story of the Outlaw (New York: A. L. Burt Company, 1907), p. 349.

16. Anonymous, op. cit., p. 50.

James manner with the five freebooters cracking jokes and parading their wit without reserve. They did not neglect to include the usual display of chivalry.... One victim of the hold-up was a man with a southern accent. He was asked if he had served the Confederacy during the Civil War. He said that he had, naming his regiment and command. His money and valuables were promptly returned. The James gang boasted that they had never robbed a man who fought the Yanks.¹⁷

Of course, many such stories can be dismissed as untrue. But what is significant about them is that they existed, for they undoubtedly reflect the interests and feelings of the people who created them. That the people chose to make Jesse a respecter of men of Confederate leanings definitely indicates the prevailing attitude toward the outlaw. Moreover, this conception of Jesse as a symbol of the Southern cause actually brought an end to the political career of Crittenden, the man who was responsible for James' death. As an editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal pointed out in 1934,

The Fords were paid the reward, but immediately they were arrested for murder, put on trial and sentenced to death. Governor Crittenden pardoned them, but his political career was already blasted. The fact that he had offered a reward for Jesse James which led one of his cowardly followers to plug him in the back was enough. Crittenden was through¹⁸ politically. He was never nominated for anything again.

Thus did Jesse's admirers and friends repudiate the man who brought their hero low. And perhaps the hero's shade smiles quietly in secret understanding whenever someone sings

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He never would see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Gallatin bank
And stopped the Glendale train.

17. O. E. Rayburn, Ozark Country (New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1941), pp. 281-282.

18. Crittenden, op. cit., pp. 250-251.

SUPERSTITIONS AT HOME

by

Mrs. Marion T. Page

St. Bethlehem, Tennessee

An old man who used to live on the adjoining farm would often say to my mother, "Why Ellen, you are so superstitious that I can't tell where your superstitions stop and your religion begins."

Mother was from Mississippi, and she did know a lot of superstitions. Whether she believed them or not I do not know, but she certainly had great respect for them. My father used to tease her about them, but he also had a few superstitions that he very definitely respected.

We had an old bachelor cousin that came to see us once. He liked us, so he never went home again except to move his belongings to our house. He lived with us the last eighteen years of his life and tended to the garden as long as he was able. Cousin Joe taught us most of our weather signs.

Whenever Cousin Joe's rheumatism hurt worse, he said it would surely rain. The flies biting harder was also a good sign of rain. If the sun had light streaks up to the sky, as it set in the evening, it would surely rain the next day. Cousin Joe loved calendars and almanacs. Whenever it rained the first day of the month, he declared it would rain fifteen days that month, and he would mark each rainy day on the calendar. If it rained while the sun was shining, the Devil was whipping his wife; it would also rain the next day. To cause rain, a person could just kill a snake and hang it on the fence.

The first thunder in February, according to my mother, always waked up all snakes. She also said that for every thunder in February, there would be a frost in October. Three months from the time we heard a katy-did sing there would be a frost, according to Mother.

My father always said if we could hear distant noises plainly, it was a sure sign of clear, cold weather. A heavy crop of nuts always predicted a cold winter. If the cat turned his back to the fire, Mother always built up the kitchen fire more, so our canned fruit and vegetables would not freeze that night. Cousin Joe said thick husks on the corn meant a bad winter was coming. Mother said if hornets put their nests in protected spots, there would be a hard winter; if they built them out in the open, there would be an easy winter. On February the second we all watched at twelve o'clock. If the sun was shining, the ground-hog saw his shadow, and there would be forty more days of cold weather. If it was cloudy, he could not see his shadow, and we could go bare-footed earlier that year.

We enjoyed New Year's Day signs at our house too. We all believed that whatever you did on New Year's Day, you'd be doing all the year. My father

always worked, but Mother spent as much of the day as she could reading to or playing with us. That night my father would read to us. Since the first twelve days of the year predicted the months of the year, Mother always wrote a description of them on her calendar. We always ate hog jowl and blackeyed peas on New Year's Day for good luck. Many people say you should put a dime in the peas, but we never did that. If you wash on New Year's you will shed that many tears, according to one of our cooks. My oldest brother had a cook who truly believed that it was bad luck for a woman to come to your house first on New Year's Day. So she always had the hired man go to the house and go into every room before she would go to cook breakfast. That meant late breakfast on New Year's Day.

There were many general household signs at our house. Mother used to say:

"See a pin, pick it up; all that day you'll have good luck.
See a pin, let it lie; you'll need a pin before you die."

If the hem of my dress was turned up, I would always kiss it. Then I would expect a new dress in the next few days. Whenever one of us had on our clothes and found that we needed a little repair work done on them, we were always careful to put something in our mouth to prevent bad luck. Country people dress early in the mornings, so we children would sometimes get our clothes on wrong side out. We always wore them until exactly twelve o'clock and then put them on right. If I spill salt today, no matter where I am, I always throw some over my left shoulder. It was always important for us to go out of the same door that we came in when we entered a house. In this way we kept our good luck with us. It is bad luck to move a cat, so when I moved home, my husband went back the next day and got our cat.

We were careful of the general bad luck signs. We knew it was bad luck to tell your dreams before breakfast; to open an umbrella in the house; to walk under a ladder; to step on a crack in the sidewalk; to step over a broom (always step back again); to look at the new moon through the trees; to bring a hoe in the house; to turn a chair around; to rock an empty chair. If one of us ever dropped a school book, someone else had to pick it up. Then we would know our lessons all right whether we had studied or not.

My mother was always very careful never to let a visitor lay his hat on the bed. When she was sick in bed, if someone left a chair so that part of it was on the rug and part on the floor, she would get out of bed and put the chair entirely on the rug or on the floor.

If an owl hooted near our house, Mother would always put a poker across the hearth to prevent bad luck. It was a terrible mistake if we sang before breakfast, because Mother would say, "Sing before you eat, you'll cry before you sleep." My father never observed this superstition. He often sang to us as he dressed us in the early mornings.

Mother would never start anything on Friday. Many people say don't start anything on Friday that you can't finish that day, but Mother didn't start anything on Friday whether she could finish it or not. We had a cook who truly practiced this superstition. Once when my husband had everything ready to start cutting tobacco on Friday, this cook asked him if she might cut one plant of tobacco on Thursday afternoon. Of course he told her she could. So

she walked out to the field, cut one plant of tobacco, set it up as they do on its top in the ground, and came home perfectly willing for the men to start the regular cutting the next day.

When we were children we believed that anyone who could swallow a chicken heart whole could marry the one of his choice. My brothers could swallow the chicken heart whole, but I never could. I could peel an apple in one piece, though, and throw the peeling over my shoulder. Whatever letter was formed would be the initials of the one I would marry. The number of seeds in the core indicated how many years it would be. My father never allowed us to sweep under his feet, because it would keep him from marrying again. If I ever sat on the table my brothers would say it was the sign I wanted to marry.

There were only two gift signs at our house. If anyone gave us anything sharp, like scissors or a knife, we always gave them a penny for it. Then the sharp object would never cut our friendship in two. Whenever someone gave us a plant or a cutting, we never thanked them for it. If we did thank them; the plant would not grow.

I never stir anything with a knife; that would be stirring up trouble. My mother always cautioned me to stir batter the same way. It is bad luck to count the biscuits. I remember once when I was learning to count, I counted the biscuit in the pan. Mammy Lucy, my brother's nurse, made the cook throw those biscuit away and cook some more for supper. Needless to say, we all minded Mammy Lucy, and I did not practice my number skills on biscuit any more. No one ever took the last piece of bread on the plate at my house; if he did, he had to kiss the cook. If we dropped a dish rag, it was a sure sign that someone hungry was coming.

Of course, after we went away to college, we were too educated to believe in these signs, but I would hate to go in swimming where I cross Red River. I know I would cut my foot on the many mirrors I have thrown in to keep from having bad luck after I had broken them. It must be running water that the mirrors are thrown into. Of course my husband, who really isn't superstitious at all, enjoys stopping and waiting for me to throw the pieces of mirror in the water. Mother always advised young mothers not to let the baby see himself in the mirror before he was a year old. If he did see himself in the mirror, he would have a very hard time cutting teeth.

There are a few signs we observed when we were going away. If my father forgot something and had to go back, he would always make a cross mark in the road and spit in the center of it. If a black cat crossed our path, we all would hit ourselves in the forehead three times and then turn our hats around.

To make our wishes come true we would wish on the first star we saw at night; or we'd make a wish on the new moon. We always made a wish on a load of hay; it would come true if we never saw the hay again. We children have walked many miles trying to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

My father would always consider the four-leaf clovers he found good luck. We all would knock on wood to prevent bad luck; our heads were always convenient. I always carry a buckeye in my purse for good luck--even in my Sunday-go-to-meeting purse. It is also good luck to put a horse-shoe over the door like a capital U, so it will hold the luck in it.

When the boys and I go fishing, we always spit on our worm before throwing it into the water. And we never step over the fishing pole; that's bad luck.

We always believed that if the palm of our left hand itched, we were going to get some money; if the palm of our right hand itched, we would shake hands with a stranger. If the bottom of our foot itched, we were going to walk on strange ground. If our left eye itched, we would be pleased; if our right eye itched, we were going to cry. We often said and believed this little verse:

Peaches, peaches my nose itches (eetches);
Somebody's coming
With a hole in their breeches!

Another favorite poem of ours is:

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger,
Sneeze on Tuesday, meet a stranger,
Sneeze on Wednesday, get a letter,
Sneeze on Thursday, something better,
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow,
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart tomorrow,
Sneeze on Sunday, see the Devil all next week!

We all knew death signs, but they never bothered us: death was so far away from our childhood. My grandmother believed that if a person transplanted a cedar tree, when the cedar tree could cast a shadow on the ground as tall as the person who planted it, that person would surely die. All the old people of my family believed that if a door were cut in a house after it had been built, there would be a death in the family within a year. When my husband and I had a door cut upstairs between the boys' and girls' rooms to prevent having to go downstairs and up another stairway to enter the next room, many of my family were very disturbed. If we stepped over someone lying on the floor, we always stepped back again, so he wouldn't die. Mother would never let my father have his hair cut in March; if he did, she believed he would die before the next March. I once had a cook who absolutely refused to sweep under Mother's bed when she was in it. She said she'd be sweeping Mother's life away. So as long as Mother was sick I had to sweep under her bed every morning before I left for school.

These are some of the superstitions I have known and observed all my life. Do I believe in them? I don't know, but they have certainly given something of a pattern to my life through the years.

THE MOONSHINE STILL GHOST

by

Ruth W. O'Dell

Newport, Tennessee

Cocke County has never been noted for many "still ghosts," and it has not even one "ghost still"--however, a moonshiner will run from a "still ghost" even faster than from any "Revenuer." Here is a true ghost tale told to me by the son of the Methodist Circuit Rider who did not even believe in ghosts.

Back in the early days of our moonshining industry we have government stills and often our young men would congregate in certain places and go in a body to some near-by still on any "gut-letting Saturday night" that suited their fancy. After a while they would return in high glee singing and swinging along our mountain trails, often telling ghost tales (which, of course, made them more or less ghost conscious) until finally one night the entire crowd saw a ghost sitting on a stump in a sort of low place. It frightened them terribly, and those who could run did so. They ran like the wind. Many times they saw this ghost in this same place.

A young Circuit Rider who knew the boys and hated to see them partaking of the spirits of fermentum decided he would let them see a real sure-enough ghost. Consequently he spent some time preparing a ghostly head dress, then he wrapped himself in sheets and waited in the woods where the boys had complained of seeing the ghost each Saturday night. When the preacher heard the boys returning from the still, he mounted a stump, waving his ghostly arms. The boys stopped "stock-still" in a body, so frightened they could not speak for a moment. Then one screamed out, "Lord have mercy, look! There's two of them tonight." This time they ran like lightning--greased at that!

The preacher looked around behind him and there sat the other one. The preacher began screaming for the goys to wait, and by the time he overtook them he'd torn off his ghostly apparel. Never did the boys know he was the worst frightened of any of them, but willing to have been in order to stop the boys from visiting the still.

SOME USES OF FOLKLORE IN ADVERTISING

by

Julian Mason

Williamstown, North Carolina

It takes only casual observation to convince a person that folklore of many types is used quite extensively in advertising. Folklore is used in advertisements because they are designed to reach as many people as possible, and all of us are "folk." It has been proven that we are attracted by those things with which we are most familiar, and their use in advertising does not make us feel "appealed at" to the point of insult. It is good psychology to use folklore in advertising--it pays. Folklore jumps out at you from the page. It is my observation that it is the big successful companies, such as Campbell's Soup Company and General Motors Corporation, who use folklore most. In fact, the Shell Gasoline Company and the John Hancock Life Insurance Company have run series of ads using folk heroes. They know how to insure continued success.

As a basis for this article I selected at random from a dormitory periodicals table ten magazines: Good Housekeeping, September and November, 1953; McCall's, September, 1953; Woman's Home Companion, September and December, 1953; The Saturday Evening Post, October 3, October 10, September 19, and November 14, 1953; Colliers, September 18, 1953. I clipped from these magazines thirty-six examples of the use of folklore in advertising. I chose the five following categories for classifying this folklore: 1. folk-say, proverbs (twelve examples); 2. institutions (eleven); 3. folk heroes and tales (eight); 4. a people and their ways (three); 5. recipes (two). These categories, of course, often overlap. Let us examine the examples.

I selected two recipes on the ground that they used a specific appeal rather than that of just being appetizing. We often see recipes or food products which are "just like mother (or grandmother) used to make," or which are "just like homecooking." And at special seasons (Christmas, George Washington's birthday, the Fourth of July) there are those which are appropriate to those seasons. The first of my recipe ads features "Pennsylvania Dutchland's Funny Cake (made with Swift'n'ing and Swan's Down Cake Flour--of course). The ad has several "hand painted" flowers in it and also uses a form of lettering suggestive of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The second ad features "chicken noodle soup like Campbell's," made "the patient, old fashioned way." The ad has the traditional red and white checkered table cloth, on which we see, among other things, a rolling pin, some really old recipes, and a pair of old fashioned spectacles. This appeal to old recipes, particularly those of some person like Martha Washington, is often made. Here is soup made (like so many other foods) "the way your great grandma did, back in the days when a woman practically lived in the kitchen." Campbell's sells a lot of soup.

Two of my ads based on a people and their ways use Indians. The first, a Bell Telephone ad, uses the device of the smoke signal. One Indian says to another, while smoke signaling by numbers, "Chief say call by number best way!" This ad also points up the easy use of humor when folklore is used. Here everyone gets the point and the joke. The second Indian ad extolls the virtues

of Eversharp Inca-Ink Ball-Point Pens. It, too, shows two Indians--in the Inca costume. Their speech refers to the brilliant permanent Inca colors and to the "fact" that Eversharp has finally duplicated them. Here, use of Inca design is made; and the ad shows how folklore may easily help point to the best quality of something (as did the "just as..." recipes). Another of this type ad shows "typical" mountaineers in patched pants, holey shirts, long hair and beards, and no shoes. With rifle in hand, they are peering from hiding places in an old shack and a tree at a man in modern car and dress. The caption says, "We're a mite suspicious of strangers...but we're always glad to accept an American Express Travelers Cheque." Here we have humor and folklore--and some would say superstition.

When I chose the term "institutions" for the next category, I was looking for a word which would encompass all types of special days and occasions which have been observed so much that they are pretty much permanent fixtures in our American life. Holidays and festivals, often used by travel bureaus and chambers of commerce, are good examples of what I mean.

The first occasion used in my ads is that of the birthday party. All of us observe birthdays and anniversaries. They give life a little lift every so often. For children, especially, there is often a birthday party. This particular ad shows the dressed up little boys and girls around the candle lit cake. Of course, the little girl who is about to blow out the candles for good luck has a Party Curl Children's Home Permanent. The next ad in this group features the annual summer vacation, just completed here safely on Seiberling Tires. It shows the souvenirs (which, in this case, reflect the dress customs of the West) and the inevitable camera.

The third in this group centers around the college custom of homecoming (to which everyone should wear clothes by Hart, Schaffner and Marx). This ad also shows college fads in clothes, cars, and companions. The quality and style of clothes are those which would appeal to the college-set parents and children. The illustration is well chosen. Two other ads feature an institution which appeals to a less elite set--that of the fair. Even though more local fairs are going out of style, I think that every state still has its big State Fair. These two ads concern transportation to and from the fair. They both (one for Shell Motor Oil and one for Pontiac Motor Division of General Motors) use the typical trappings of the fair for background: people, especially children, in easy clothes; rides; shows; food; animals; toys; signs of autumn; balloons; and activity. We all like a fair--again, a good choice for advertising.

The next four ads use the appeal of one of our many holidays, Christmas. The first of these plays up the custom of giving presents (preferably Avon Cosmetics). Its feature picture also plays up the idea of an old fashioned Christmas with snow, evergreen, and good cheer. The second one, advertising Spray Net (for women's hair), plays up Santa Claus and particularly the mistletoe tradition. The third also features the mistletoe (under which you are more likely to be kissed with the aid of toiletries from F. W. Woolworth Company.) On the girl's dress in this one we also see holly, a traditional Yuletide decoration. The fourth ad is a full-page one by Gibson Christmas Cards. It, of course, features the not so very old custom of sending Christmas cards. In the ad are a very prominent Santa Claus and predominating colors of the traditional red and green. One is sure to find many ads using seasonal and holiday themes because we have commercialized them so much. These four just happened

to come from December magazines. We could just as well have had them based on Thanksgiving, Easter, or St. Patrick's Day. In fact, my fifth holiday ad features Halloween. It shows children in costume (one in the traditional witch outfit), and suggests Fleer Bubble Gum as the perfect answer for that perennial Halloween question, "Trick or Treat?"

A Gold Bond Building Materials ad approaches the institution of marriage through the sub-institution of the honeymoon. This institution has many tales surrounding it. Quite a few of them deal with in-laws; and our ad does too.

My fourth category features folk heroes and folk tales. Most of the references made here are familiar and obvious. If they weren't they wouldn't be very good for use in advertising. Chase Brass and Copper Company gives us a whole half-page picture of Ben Franklin performing his famous kite experiment. Although this is based in fact, it is surrounded by many stories, as is Franklin himself. Country Gentleman, in referring to its beauty editor, says, "Johnny Appleseed planted trees and brought beauty to the land. It is women who blossom out wherever Ruth Hogeland goes." This is a good example of how reference is made to folklore in order to soften up the ad reader. This reference is very pertinent for a farm magazine, too.

Again, in this category, we run into Indian-lore. We make much of the Indian in American folklore both because he was our first American and because we are now constantly becoming more and more aware of his great heritage. The Northern Pacific Railroad says, "We went West with General Custer"; and they show us a half page photograph of General Custer, three Indians, one other white man, two dogs, and a tent, plus numerous weapons. Here we have appeal from the Wild West, the Indians, and General Custer, who became a legend with his "last stand." Both the Sifo Toy Company and the Timken Roller Bearing Company refer to one of the more famous Indians in American folklore, Hiawatha. The Sifo ad features toys made in "the land of Hiawatha, land of lakes and legends." The Timken ad refers to the Milwaukee Railroad's new Olympian Hiawatha, passenger liner, which was named for the legendary red man, made even more famous in Longfellow's poem.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company uses Uncle Remus' tortoise as the perfect example of slow, but sure, accomplishment in an ad entitled "The Hare, the Tortoise, and High Blood Pressure." They use a third of the ad to give us a picture of the not-quite-photo finish in that very famous race.

There are new folk heroes being created all the time, and the advertisers do not hesitate to use them. Weather-Bird Shoes (for children) uses Mickey and Minnie Mouse, who long ago were taken from the control of Walt Disney and made into genuine children's heroes. The Shell Oil Company tells us, "Joe Magarac plays 'pat-a-cake'--with white hot steel!" Joe is a relatively new folk hero who is the "Paul Bunyan of the steel industry." He has Paul's size and skill, and is a natural product of the machine age. It is comforting to note that Joe is a non-mechanical product of the factory and foundry. Also notice the reference in this ad to the children's game of "pat-a-cake."

My fifth category features folk-say, and it turns up in some sort-of-funny places. The Industrial Rayon Corporation seems to be quite fond of using it in conjunction with young ladies who have nothing on but underwear made from their material. One says, "Pennies saved are pennies earned...and panties of Spun-lo

are still only about 69¢." Another of their's says, "Why pitch pennies out the window when panties of Spun-lo are still only about 69¢?" Elsie, the Borden Cow, says, "...and here's how to keep healthy, wealthy and wise!" Of course, you use Borden dairy products to do so. Surfa-Tone Wall Finish proclaims, "Quick as a flash...new wall beauty." They even use the props of a good old-fashioned genie--lamp, turban, and earrings.

We see the influence of the Indian again when Sealtest Ice Cream advertises it "heap big half gallon." Our Indians may or may not have really used "heap big" frequently, but they certainly do in our folklore. This ad carries out the motif with several little Indian boys in costume and an ice cream wigwam. Phoenix, Arizona, advertises with a wild west, cowboy and Indian theme, too. It says, "Come and get it!" The ad also shows a cactus, guitar, cowboy hat and chuck wagon. Studebaker uses a phrase, "Play Safe!" which we have adopted from our national pastime of baseball (which has a rich field of tradition all its own). The ad shows us the runner safe on the bag, with the umpire giving that familiar palms-down signal.

Eureka Vacuum Cleaners say, "Let's talk turkey...about vacuum cleaners." Franco-American Spaghetti declares that "the way to a man's heart..." is to offer him their spaghetti, just like that he used to eat when a boy. The Texas Company lets us know that Sky Chief gasoline "packs more punch." The Rexall Drug Company tells us that the fat man is the one who "is always behind the eight ball," and they show us the black billiard ball from which the term came.

The advertisers of Lux Soap doesn't use a folk phrase directly, but a reference is made to a phrase and superstition which everyone knows without their feeling impelled to give any further explanation. After all, the use of folk-say is supposed to help get a point across with a minimum of words. They talk about "the most envied complexions in Hollywood" and they print the word "envied" in green and show a cat with very green eyes. The reference, of course, is to "green with envy" or similar phrases.

Very often the three dots signifying words left out are used with the folk-say in these ads--in fact, here in six ads out of twelve. By so doing, the advertisers publicly acknowledge that they are using oft-said expressions. They consciously use folklore.

Notice how many of the ads using folklore are directed toward women. There are two reasons for this. First, the women spend most of the money today; and second, folklore is so often created, preserved, and passed on in the home. Women also now have more time to read than ever before.

These advertisements have in common the fact that they are trying their best to sell something to the American public, and they are calling on American folklore to help them. They are usually well timed and well placed so that the folklore used will be especially and immediately pertinent to their readers.

These examples of the use of folklore in advertising are only a few taken from a rich and varied field. Folklore helps make the countless number of ads with which we are confronted today much easier to take. The only danger which could well come from its use in this way is the possibility of its becoming "tainted" from a permanent association with "Uncle So-an'-so's Sausage" or its corruption in some television commercial. So far, folklore has ably held its own.

HEARD IN THE SOUTH: AN ANNOUNCEMENT AND AN INVITATION

by

Gordon R. Wood

University of Chattanooga

There is a need--. Has any scholarly project ever gotten under way without an introductory essay, article, or prospectus to tell the world that there is a need for that project? Ever who knows of such an undefended venture, let him speak up.

Truly there is a need in this journal for a section given over to the language we hear. Naturally this section will not take over the study of proverbs, folk tales, or songs; these have been and are being studied with commendable thoroughness. Rather it will explore the large and vaguely defined area of daily speech which lies beyond the proverb and similar formalized kinds of expression. Members of TFS and their friends are urgently invited to contribute what they hear in daily local speech. Send your notes to me at my University of Chattanooga address. This is to be a kind of catch-all for expressions that have struck you as interesting.

The radio with its local shows and local announcers is a good source of information; television--what of it I've seen--seems to give very little that is useful. But local radio is fine. One of our local announcers regularly says swung on when he tells us that a ball was swung at. And the other night in a moment of excitement he said that someone dove for third base (making a rime with drove). That raises a question: In the speech which you hear, is dove the usual form or is the newer, leveled dived the one? Naturally we have to beware the professional hick who tries to entertain us with what he thinks is an amusing representation of ordinary speech--"goodbye pea pickers." What to do about a sudden burst of affectation is harder to say. Possibly it is best to report the speed with which it moves from its top sources down to the local announcer. Up to a few weeks ago if anyone felt like talking about a junta he used the ju of jump. Then some revolutions started popping in South America and everyone became dreadfully Spanish overnight. By "everyone" I mean that first the nationally prominent broadcasters began talking about a hoonta; the local news commentators quickly imitated them. I assume that before the day was over there were some good citizens already using the new pronunciation while others wondered what this hoonta business was anyhow.

A second obvious source is people talking to each other. Not long ago a workman, native to Hamilton county, talked to me about putting in a dreen, a variant of our more familiar word drain. Another one said to my wife, "Sign it here--Mizriz Wood." Last Friday I heard "Lookit 'at far-wagon." To me the interesting thing was not so much the pronunciation of fire as far as the choice of fire-wagon rather than fire-engine or fire-truck; I knew the last two, but had never heard the first. Then there was the rural Virginian who talked about hail rocks rather than hail or hail stones, a choice which may have been dictated in part by the desire to avoid stones, a word considered indelicate in many sections of the country. Here I do not wish to give the impression that individual words are the only things this section will deal with. Quite often the full statement is the important one. Professor Griffin sent me two examples: Lay the

door to (for shut the door) and I'll sprinkle the clothes and get dinner while I'm waiting for them to come in case. My first guess is that these reflect a German or Pennsylvania Dutch word order. Until we know something more of speech patterns in the South, however, the assigning of expressions to a particular group must remain largely a guess. Your comments on the group which uses a particular expression will obviously be most helpful.

A third source is written but preferably unpublished material--letters, diaries, journals, newspaper columns on occasion, wills and deeds, and now and then an epitaph. Teachers have a rich and unexplored mine of information in student essays. My own students have contributed these among many illustrations of the way our hearing influences our writing: with the shrewness of a hunter, had of been working, and carring the ball. It is possible that all of these show simple carelessness, but I believe that the student's own speech made the careless mistake follow one pattern and not another. That is, the sound of d and the y-i in shrewness and carrying were actually unknown to the user. The imaginary tense had of represents a blend of such sounds as occur in I'd've with the effort to correct blunders such as the loss of d in I('d) seen.

We have to be careful with published things. As Randolph and Wilson point out in Down in the Holler, the dialect in novels about the Ozarks is apt to be misleading. I suppose that the same observation would be true for most of the fiction which presents supposed Southern speech. There is too much of Hootin Holler or of de dahkies wukin on de lebbie, and too little effort at accuracy such as we find in the Uncle Remus stories. Still, there is information to be found in printed, edited sources. Our daily papers often reward the careful searcher. From recent issues of the Chattanooga Times I have these: "the purchase of his first store-bought suit from a mail-order house" and they "can tell you about haslets. This is the lungs, hearts, melts and livers o' a hog." A more extensive source of information is something like the published journals of Lewis and Clark if, as the most recent publication does, the editor seeks to preserve the original rather than pretty it up. From the DeVoto edition of those journals, we find Lewis writing that certain seeds penetrated "our mockersons" and Clark writing on the same day of his own return along "an old Indian parth," coming to a spring from which he drank "reather freely."

That brings up the point of recency. How up-to-date is this collection of sayings heard in the South to be? As things now stand, I think that it should consider the evidence of every sort from earliest times to the present. Possibly the material to be included will become more limited later, but those limitations should come from what is submitted and not from any present efforts at crystal gazing.

Perhaps the expressions easiest to notice are the recent ones. The person with college training can readily spot the pronunciations viadock, tumblestack, and penny-silium as folk etymologies for the learned words viaduct, thermostat, and penicilin. So commiss in crea is expanded in our minds to Communists in Korea. As I write this, one of our political candidates is leaping from ploughed field to ploughed field by helicopter. And what do you hear this kind

1. The Journals of Lewis and Clark, ed. DeVoto (Boston, 1953), p. 166.

of machine called? If whirly-bird or windmill, then forget about it; the person has been in the armed forces or else has read something that pretends to use the language of service men. If something else, then write me, giving as accurate pronunciation of the word as you can.

A word about the informant. If it is a living person, I'd like to know at least (1) general occupation, (2) sex, (3) approximate age, (4) whether he lives in city, in small town, on farm, etc., (5) and some comment about whether he is typical of the locality or not, i.e. represents "native" speech habits of that area or "foreign" and unusual speech habits in that area.

Finally, here are a series of questions which may serve to get this feature started if what has gone before does not provide enough push. These are questions from a larger list published by the American Dialect Society.

- A. What joking names or nicknames do you have for an out-of-the-way place or an unimportant village?
- B. If a water pipe suddenly gave way at a weak place, you would say, Yesterday our pipe _____."
- C. When you are having company for a meal and you want them to take their places at the table, you say " _____."
- D. What are the ways of telling someone to hurry (including joking ones)?
- E. When you are putting hay into a building for storage, you say that you are _____.
- F. What command do you give to a dog when you want him to be still on the ground?
- G. When someone falls, you say "He slipped on the steps and took quite a _____."

Each time "Heard in the South" appears it will have a similar list of things, especially your contributions. So send your letters, articles, clippings, comments, what-have-you to Gordon R. Wood, Department of English, University of Chattanooga, Chattanooga 3, Tennessee.

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF T. F. S.

A specially comprehensive program is being planned for the Tennessee Folklore Society's annual meeting at TPI, Cookeville, Tennessee, on Saturday, November 6 this year in observation of its Twentieth Anniversary. Members and who attend may expect to hear a corps of some dozen specialists discuss the status of virtually every type of folklore in Tennessee--songs, tales, customs, riddles, crafts, etc.

Persons who have already agreed to serve on the program are Mrs. L. L. McDowell, Gordon Wood, E. G. Rogers, T. J. Farr, Gordon Wilson, George Grise, and Herbert Halpert. A number of other outstanding names have been suggested whom I simply have not got around to writing to yet.

Any suggestions by the membership concerning additional items and personnel will be eagerly welcomed by the undersigned. Your officers believe that they can promise you an intensely interesting and educational annual program this year.

George W. Boswell
President of Tennessee Folklore Society

NEWS AND REVIEWS

CHARLES FAULKNER BRYAN, Past President of T.F.S., conducted a "folk festival" program of singing and dancing at George Peabody College for Teachers on the evening of July 29. Assisted by groups of both elementary school children and college students, Mr. Bryan by means of folk song and party games represented the stages in man's life cycle from "birthin'" to "homin'"--the latter term being a euphemism, according to Dr. Irving Wolfe, for "flyin' or fryin'." As a part of the program, Dr. George W. Boswell sang two ballads that he has recently added to his growing collection of Tennessee folksongs.

Mr. Bryan has just recently returned from Europe where he made a round of the museums on the trail of ancestors of the American dulcimer. He promises an early article for the Bulletin, in which he will report his findings.

THE JO STAFFORD FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICAN FOLKLORE, a \$300.00 annual award provided by the well known star of radio and television, was granted in May of this year to Ray B. Browne of the University of California at Los Angeles. The "meritorious project in the field of American Folklore" on which Mr. Browne is will work is a collection of Alabama superstitions and other folklore.

The award was made by a distinguished group of judges, of whom two are members of T.F.S. Mrs. Anne Grimes, a member of T.F.S. was given honorable mention in the competition. Others given honorable mention were Américo Paredes of the University of Texas and Beatrice Weinreich of Columbia University.

AN ARTICLE BY JOHN FETTERMAN in the Nashville Tennessean Magazine for May 30, 1954, described how Homer Ledford of Ivyton, Tennessee, turned his fascination with the dulcimer to good account in providing funds for his pursuit of education. Mr. Fetterman titled his article, "Tennessee Hill Country Dulcimer Builder." Two clear photographs show certain features of the dulcimer young Ledford makes.

ANN CAULFEILD WINSTON'S A Sampler by a Mississippi Schoolteacher has been published by the Exposition Press, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Some of the items in the book were originally published in the T.F.S. Bulletin. The Sampler is sold for \$3.00.

HARRY R. WARFEL, in "Notes on the Novel in the South," published in the South Atlantic Bulletin, March, 1954, had this to say about the folk basis of Southern fiction:

The great contribution of the South has been unexploited fictional materials. Of most lasting importance has been folk stuff and its still somewhat inadequately handled anthropological basis. Partly through her use of folklore Elizabeth Madox Roberts in The Time of Man (1926) fused into prose poetry the elemental and universal affirmations inherent in and necessary to human society on whatever level of economic and cultural competence that society dwells. In my view this novel first truly reflected the essential spiritual quality of the South. Yet its limited sociological scope apparently restricts its effectiveness as an interpretation which the world at large can understand or properly evaluate.

This folk or folklore basis of fiction, with its essentially spiritualized view of life, marks almost every novel of lasting value produced in the South. The reasons for authors' success with this combination deserve exploration.

WEST VIRGINIA FOLKLORE in its Winter, 1954, issue added to the growing collection of the state's folk songs, tales, superstitions, and records of customs. The journal's Spring number, however, was given over to folk materials from Ceylon contributed by Mrs. Gwladys Hughes Simon, who has recently returned from a two-year visit to the island. Mrs. Simon worked as a school principal and supervisor in Ceylon.

THE NORTH STAR FOLK NEWS for June, 1954, features clippings from "Main Street Asides," a folksy column in the Cold Spring (Minnesota) Record conducted by Glanville Smith. Some readers of the Bulletin may know Mr. Smith as one of America's most charming essayists. He appears to delight in being both an observer and a part of the folk life of the little village that the Folk News speaks of as his "hideaway."

LOUIS FILLER, in the Summer, 1954, issue of Midwest Folklore asks "Why Historians Neglect Folklore." He answers that they shouldn't and can't, really.

In the same issue of MF, Vance Randolph discusses and catalogs "The Names of Ozark Fiddle Tunes," and Gertrude P. Kurath describes "The Tutelo Fourth Night Spirit Release Singing." The latter article is a scholarly treatment of ritual song adopted by the Ontario Iroquois.

STINSON RECORDS, New York, N. Y., has issued a useful catalog of folk music discs. The catalog may be had upon request.

J. Mason Brewer, The Word on the Brazos. Austin: The University of Texas Press, 1953-54. \$3.50.

J. Frank Dobie, who wrote the Introduction to J. Mason Brewer's The Word on the Brazos, says that "Whatever else the folklorists are on the gad afterThey have caught the very voice of the people, the very pulse of life, each giving what was most noticed in his day." This is exactly what Mason has done in his account of the Negroes of the Brazos River Valley of Central and Southern Texas.

Slavery, religion, and plantation life were intricately interwoven as the "Elduh" attempt to guide the religious life of his enthusiastic, superstitious, and half-reluctant members. Occasionally an influential Negro was encouraged by the "boss man" to preach, under which sort of compulsion he would stress the advice to "work haa'd and 'bey yo' boss man." Said Elder Sanford, All dat a Nigguh needs is a bad row, a sharp hoe, and a mean boss."

The naive, the humorous, the pathetic, the superstitious, the natural and human are all represented here in this series of well-chosen and related anecdotes which give the reader a most realistic insight into the lives of these people. They hold to a general belief that God was dealing rather personally with them in signs, shooting stars, or the falling branches of trees. Their feeling of unworthiness and their lack of understanding caused them often to resist the warnings of the spirit. Uncle Ebun had been pretty hard for the Lord to reach, but at last he went to the mourner's bench though still uncertain of his conversion until the Lord would show him a sign. His wife suggested, "Ast de Lawd to shoot you a star." In a few minutes he did see a star shoot across the sky. Still Uncle Ebun wavered. In a short while a second star followed the direction of the first. Said Uncle Ebun, "Lawd, looks lak hits kinda haa'd for me to get up ma faith tonight; so Ah tell you what you do: Shoot me de moon." "De moon," say God. "Ah wouldn't shoot you de moon for all de Niggush in de Brazos Bottoms."

--E. G. Rogers
Tennessee Wesleyan College

Lucy W. Clausen, Insect Fact and Folklore. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1954. \$3.50.

Not since Slosson's Creative Chemistry for the lay reader have we found a technical book so simply, informingly, and entertainingly done than Insect Fact and Folklore by Lucy W. Clausen, research entomologist. The book is intended to be neither scientifically clever nor controversially difficult--it is an effort to deal with a wide area of facts fairly well established as folklore. It is thorough, accurate, and entertaining.

The titles of some of the chapters are suggestive of what Miss Clausen has done. She writes of "Velvet Wings--The Moths and the Butterflies," "Insects in Armor--The Beetles," "Archie the Cockroach, and His Relatives," "Doggers of Civilization--The Flies," "Industrious Workers--The Bees," "The Socializers--The Ants," "Insect Anesthetizers--The Hornets and Wasps," and "Insect Hypodermics--The Bugs." Each chapter is followed by a list of proverbial folk sayings, miscellaneous and symbolic references. A comprehensive bibliography and cross reference index are added, as well as an introductory

chapter on insects in general.

The author points out such facts as these: that ten million pounds of beeswax is needed industrially in the United States each year, military uses being most frequent; that the honeybee is the only animal known to predetermine the sex of its progeny; that marriage-mating of ants as well as of bees takes place in flight; that most varieties of ants at one stage in the development of the pupa have wings which are later broken off by the female workers; that the beetle is a symbol of eternal life; that lady bugs have been used in the treatment of colic, measles, and toothache; that hornets and wasps may sting repeatedly, but the honeybee only once; that the deer-botfly is the fastest animal on wings; that the Cherokee Indians called the cicada the jarfly.

--E. G. Rogers
Tennessee Wesleyan College

ROSTER OF MEMBERS, SUBSCRIBERS, AND EXCHANGES
(As of August 1, 1954)

I. Members of the Tennessee Folklore Society

Mrs. G. S. Armstead, 133 Franklin Street, Clarksville
 Mr. Thomas J. Barnes, McMinnville
 Dr. W. W. Bass, Carson Newman College, Jefferson City
 Mrs. H. L. Bateman, Hillcrest Avenue, Nashville
 Miss Irma Lee Batey, David Lipscomb College, Nashville
 Miss Catherine Beard, 420 Greenwood Avenue, Clarksville
 Dr. Harold Benjamin, Box 562, Peabody College, Nashville
 Miss Sue Berry, c/o H. W. Berry, Sylvia
 Miss Irene Bewley, Greeneville
 Mrs. Lloyd Bible, Dandridge
 Dr. Otto Billig, Vanderbilt University Hospital, Nashville
 Mrs. J. E. Blankenship, Morrison
 Mrs. George W. Boswell, Austin Peay State College, Clarksville
 Dr. George W. Boswell, Austin Peay College, Clarksville
 Mrs. J. W. Boswell, 133 Franklin Street, Clarksville
 Mr. Leland Boswell, Guthrie, Kentucky
 Mrs. James W. Brandon, Dover
 Mrs. H. C. Brearley, Hood's Hill Road, Nashville 12
 Dr. John E. Brewton, Peabody College, Nashville
 Mr. Charles F. Bryan, Indian Springs School, Helena, Alabama
 Mrs. Charles F. Bryan, Indian Springs School, Helena, Alabama
 Mr. John Ramon Burgin, Box 847, University, Mississippi
 Miss Inez Burns, 405 Indiana Avenue, Maryville
 Miss Emily Calcott, Middle Tennessee State College, Murfreesboro
 Miss Marie Campbell, University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana
 Miss Martha Campbell, Nashville Pike, Lebanon
 Mrs. Myrtle Carrigan, 508 Trinity Land, Nashville
 Mrs. Myrtle Carter, Earhart Pike, Hermitage
 Mrs. Brainard Cheney, Oak Street, Smyrna
 Dr. Sam Clark, Dept. of Anatomy, Vanderbilt University, Nashville
 Mrs. Grace Creswell, 2223 Kipling Street, Houston, Texas
 Mr. Donald Davidson, Vanderbilt University, Nashville
 Prof. Richard M. Dorson, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan
 Mr. Oran Elrod, Box 415, Athens
 Dr. T. J. Farr, Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville
 Mrs. R. Lynn Farrar, 1010 Noelton Lane, Nashville

Mr. Paul N. Fink, Jonesboro
Miss Mary Ellen Fontaine, Route #3, Nashville
Rev. McCoy Franklin, Presbyterian Church, Madisonville
Mr. Charles L. Gary, Austin Peay State College, Clarksville
Mr. Bovard Gillespie, Route 2, Box 292, Kingsport
Mr. Kenneth S. Goldstein, 1979 Daly Avenue, Bronx 60, New York
Mr. Richard K. Gragg, 318 South Capitol, Pekin, Illinois
Dr. William J. Griffin, Peabody College, Nashville
Miss Blanche Grigsby, Rogersville
Mrs. Anne Grimes, 1877 Baldridge Road, Columbus 21, Ohio
Dr. George Grise, Austin Peay State College, Clarksville
Dr. Clifton L. Hall, Box 532, Peabody College, Nashville
Prof. Joseph S. Hall, 1323 Echo Park Avenue, Los Angeles 26, California
Mr. Herbert Halpert, Murray State College, Murray, Kentucky
Dr. Wayland D. Hand, University of California, Los Angeles 24, California
Mr. Henry G. Hart, 324 - 29th Avenue, N., Nashville
President Halbert Harvill, Austin Peay State College, Clarksville
Miss Mildred Hatcher, Austin Peay State College, Clarksville
Mr. Charles B. Havens, Martin College, Pulaski
Mr. Elmer Hinton, Portland
Mr. Stanley F. Horn, 917 Berryhill Street, Nashville
Mrs. Cecil C. Howse, Humboldt
Miss Jamie Swann Huggens, Carson Newman College, Jefferson City
Miss Gretchen Huder, East Tennessee State College, Johnson City
Mrs. R. M. Jackson, 3434 Pleasant Valley Road, Nashville
Miss Frieda Johnson, Peabody College, Nashville
Mrs. Gory Johnson, Palmyra
Mrs. John W. Johnson, 3620 Valley Vista Road, Nashville
Mr. Seale Johnson, 202 Bolivar Street, Jackson
Sen. Estes Kefauver, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
Mr. Paul Kelley, 300 Caldwell Avenue, Knoxville 17
Mr. Jack Kershaw, Caldwell Lane, Nashville
Dr. E. C. Kirkland, R.F.D. 2, Gainesville, Florida
Miss Fanny B. Kiser, 1910 Acklen Avenue, Nashville
Mrs. E. A. Kohlmeier, Sleepy Hollow Road, Falls Church, Virginia
Mr. Harry L. Law, Austin Peay State College, Clarksville
Dr. Crawford B. Lindsay, Tennessee A. & I. State University, Nashville 8
Mrs. Leona Lipscomb, Route #1, Springfield
Mrs. Ralph W. Lloyd, Maryville College, Maryville
Mr. Ambrose N. Manning, Box 2323, Peabody College, Nashville
Mr. James H. Mason, R.F.D. #1, Box 189, Indian Springs School, Helena, Alabama
Mrs. L. L. McDowell, Smithville
Mrs. Ida Mae McKinney, Box 275, Portageville, Missouri
Mr. Clarence W. Miller, 2298 Westminister Way, N.E., Atlanta 6, Georgia
Mrs. B. K. Mitchell, Smithville
Mrs. John Trotwood Moore, 3309 Fairmont Avenue, Nashville
Miss Margaret E. Newhall, 1706 Shackleford Road, Nashville
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 Chattanooga, University of, Chattanooga
 Chicago, University of, Library, Periodical Record, Harper M22, Chicago 37,
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 Columbia University Libraries, Attn. Mrs. Anne S. Sauter, Supervisor, Serials
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 Cossitt Library, Memphis
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Elizabethton Public Library, Elizabethton, New Jersey
Emory and Henry College, Emory, Virginia
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Florida, University of, Serials Dept., Gainesville, Florida
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George Peabody College for Teachers, Library, Nashville
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Harvard College Library, Serials Division, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts
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Indiana, University of, Libraries, Bloomington, Indiana
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James E. Morrow Library, Marshall College, Huntington, West Virginia
Johns Hopkins University Library, Baltimore, Maryland
Joint University Libraries, Nashville
Kansas, University of, Library, Lawrence, Kansas
Kentucky Historical Society, Library and Archives, Old State House, Frankfort,
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Kentucky, University of, Library, Acquisitions Dept., Serials Division,
Lexington 29, Kentucky
Kingsport Public Library, Corner Center and Shelby Streets, Kingsport
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Carolina
Memphis State College, Memphis
Miami University Library, Periodical Record, Oxford, Ohio
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Mississippi, University of, Library, University, Mississippi
Missouri, University of, Serials Department, Columbia, Missouri
Murray State College Library, Murray, Kentucky
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Nashville Public Library, Nashville
New Mexico, University of, Library, Albuquerque, New Mexico
New York Public Library, 5th Avenue and 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.
New York State Library, Albany 1, New York
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Texas
Ohio State University, Columbus 10, Ohio
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 West Virginia Library, Morgantown, West Virginia
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 William M. Rice Institute, Houston, Texas
 Wisconsin, The State Historical Society of, 816 State Street, Madison, Wisconsin
 WSM, Radio Station (Mrs. Gertrude Stamper, Librarian), 301 - 7th Avenue, N.,
 Nashville
 Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut

III. Organizations to Which Bulletins Are Sent in Exchange
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American Antiquarian Society (Proceedings of the A.A.S.), Worcester 9, Mass.
 The American Square Dance Group (Promenade, A Magazine of American Folklore),
 550 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y.
 Comite Interamericano de Folklore (Folklore Americano) Avda. Alfonso Ugarte
 650, Aptdo. 3048, Lima, Peru
 Folk Arts Foundation of America (North Star Folk News), Minneapolis, Minnesota
 Gianfranco D'Aronco (Il Tesaur), Via Vittorio Veneto 20, C. C. Post. 24-13832,
 Udine (Frivli), Italy
 International Folk Music Council (Journal of the I.F. M.C.), 12 Clorane Gardens,
 London, N.W.3, England
 San Jacinto Museum of History (Tlalocan), San Jacinto Monument, Texas
 University of California (Anthropological Record), Berkeley, California
 University of Indiana (Midwest Folklore), Bloomington, Indiana
 University of Lund (Rig), Lund, Sweden
 University of Miami, Serials Division (Tequesta), Coral Gables, Florida
 University of Miami (Folklore Americas), Coral Gables, Florida
 University of Vienna (Oesterreichische Zeitschrift für Volkskunde), Vienna, Austria
 West Virginia Folklore Society (West Virginia Folklore), Fairmont State College,
 Fairmont, West Virginia

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